UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

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VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1111.

Original Poetry.

THERE IS A MAGIC THOUGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

There is a magic Genius, engraved
On every, on every, within me, breast,
It lingers through the sunny day,
Nor fades with gloomy night away.
It steals into my peaceful dreams,
And wakes with morning's earliest beam.
How oft 'mid pleasure's countless throng,
Like moonlight o'er my heart it falls,
In vocations sweet, in carnivine glee,
A dreary sickness,—in all state the same,
And like a spirit half forgiven:
My visions fleet 'tween earth and heaven

Even when my lip with song is gay,
My mind is roaming far away,
And yet I cannot say why or wherefore I sigh,
To pity its cold unmeasured part,
With my soul and smile that frequent its hole.
From each light trifler at my side

I hear a fool, that close enshrined
The spirit who my soul doth bind,
So guarded, that no human eye
In secret portals can come nigh.
Like Eden's gate of some sincere sacred,
I should it as 'twere holy ground.

My life is some soft streamlet flows,
Unruffled in the calm repose,
No anxious cares to launch sleep,
I wake not only the winds to sweep,
The light that haunts my being still,
Protects me from all earthly ill. M. E. L.

TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

That morning sun stole on the walking world,
Tinging the eastern sky with rosy hues,
More soft than blushes on a maiden's cheek
When sounds melodious floated thro' the air
A hymn of praise in low and solemn tones
So enter thus mortal shell could ever attain.
He Memnon's statue breathed sounds for sun
The sun still cheise, but sloane sun on that spot
It's beams departed and the music ceased.
So was thou by smiles fell on my heart,
And touched a chord vibrating soul tone sweet,
Which echoes gladness could never make
But with the smiles my joys distance fled
As rainbow vanish at the set of sun
And all my hopes have left me one by one
As flowers, withered by the Autumn's breath
Drop from the stem, the dying on the dead
Thus fare thee well! and though no longer now
My heart and soul shall the radiance of thy vision
Nor sooth thee mistress of each tender thought.
A twilight gloom around it lingers still.
To tell me I have loved,—and loved in vain.

HAYMAN.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILIPPE DE AGRAMONT, &c. &c."

CHAPTER XI.—THE TRANCE.

The British Dragoons, awaited the approach of the Rangers with sword drawn, and steeds firmly planted against each other, but the latter, still panting with the determination to avenge their comrades, which they could not save, visible in each countenance, on the flashing eye, the firm grasp, and the knit brow.

The Americans came thundering on, and twenty paces lay between them and their foes. Another moment and they would join in deadly contest, swords would flash, and bullets whistle, and their blood intermingle like streams of water.

At that moment every heart beneath was bounded with intense expectation, the deep-whispered word of command came from the lips of Herbert Tracy, and with the strength of his arm, he drew his sword, one another, like drops of rain from the bursting cloud, and in an instant, the forms of twelve of their bold men crouched beside the saddle, while the other twelve with Tracy at their head, sought the rover of the front on the opposite side of the field.

Each Ranger reined his steed up by the brook of some giant tree and lifting his right arm to shelter, brought the tube to bear upon the head of a particular dragoon, or in common parlance "picked his man." And as the British saddles topped the crest of the scattered fore, a stunning report broke from the woods on either side, and of the twenty-three rifle balls numbers proved faithful to their aim, for twenty steeds were without riders, while the ground was strewed with the British dead.

Mount, Rangers, mount and away!" shouted Herbert, who had mused deeply on the trooper's story and felt that there were work to-day, by that firing yonder! Away. Nightawks!"

CHAPTER XII.—THE CHASE—THE DARK MANIAC.

"Look!" shouted Herbert Tracy, as he bailed his steed for an instant on the brow of a hill, within pistol-shot of the Germantown Road, before Mount Airy. "Look ye, my Rangers, how the Redcoats fly! Ha! ha! they scamper off before these—there's Mad Anthony—I'd sweet to the smoke of his sword —and there's Pickett's Philadelphia Light Horse in the centre of the melee. A blow for Washington, Rangers! Whoop and away!"

With the concerted shout, the Rangers dashed down the hill, and swept across the plain toward the Germantown Road.

While Herbert Tracy was engaged with the troop of Lieutenant Wellwood, a mile westward of Chestnut Hill, the central body of the American troops under Wayne and Sullivan, with Washington at their head, had reached Mount Airy, surprised a battalion of light infantry, lodged in Allen's house in that vicinity, driven by a bold and determined charge, from the enemy before them at pleasure, following up the rear with the flash and heat of an unexpected victory. Scattering their arms along the way, on over and anon turning to face their pursuers, the remnants of the battalion of light infantry proved the agitation of their minds, and in the course of three minutes, fled precipitately down the Germantown Road, for the distance of three quarters of a mile, until they reached the point where the 40th Regiment was stationed under the command of Col. Musgrave.

Here the attack was resumed with all its rage, and the American soldiers pressed forward in one mass, and engaged with the British mostly in earnest. Col. Musgrave was seen hurrying hither and thither along the lines, and the form of a tall dark-browed man, in the dress of a private citizen, with a star of honor on his left breast, was ever at his shoulder, aiding him in the command, and following on one knee pressed to the advancing Americans a wall of bristling bayonets. The charge of Wayne came thundering on, and the 40th fled in confusion, leaving it's dead and its wounded on the line of battle. In vain did the British dragoons form in one solid front, and with sword and pistol, attempt to meet the American infantry. They were received mid-way by the fire of the backwoodsmen, each rifle marking its man; and each shot told so surely and effectually as though it was aimed at an inanimate rather than a living mark.

The confusion of the enemy increased with each moment. Vast clouds of thick smoke began to roll in heavy folds over the field of contest, and from its bosom flashed the glare of musquetry and the blaze of the rifle, while the clash of intermingling swords, the shouts of the combatants, the yells of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, swelled upward to the Heavens, in one fearful chorus, more terrible to hear than the sound of cannon most horrible combination, the rumbling of the earthquake amid the subterranean caverns, or the thunder peals bursting around the summit of the Andes. Never was there a battle with more supernatural fear and awe, but the confusion of a battle field, not only thrills us with a feeling of indefinable awe, but awakens our sympathies almost to madness. In every shout, a man formed like ourselves bites the dust, in every groan the earth is crimsoned with the life current of the wounded, in every peal of musquetry a score of souls wing their way from all the flush of life and vigor of active manhood, up to that unseen shore, the world that is strike on with all the shadowy creations of the brightest hopes and darkest scenes of the human mind.

At the time of the contest, Captain Tracy, at the head of his Rangers, came rushing on to join the tide of conflict. Each man with his head erect, his sword drawn, and his nightlawk plume fluttering in the wind swelled the shout of vengeance, as they poured upon the British host, and as each rifle wheeled its bullet, or as each sword sought its living sheathe, the mercy of the Rangers rose high above all other feelings. Even the form of the mansion, in direct view of the northern windows.

In the north window, of the second floor of the mansion, Marian Wallham sat, gazing through the gloom and obscurity of the mist, upon the lawn that encircled the edifice. Her face bosom trembled with indefinable awe, for since the firing commenced, the mist of battle with her head inclined to one side, her blue eyes lightening with interest, and her lips parted with eager expectancy, she heard the low, dull roll of the housekeeper of the mansion, whose portly form and round rout and confused retreat on the part of his Majesty's 40th regiment.

In other confusion, and breedless of all system or regularity of march, the British soldiers fled along the Germantown road, from the front of the main line, at the distance of three-quarters of a mile.

"Now, Wayne, now!" shouted Washington, as he saw the Rangers in the thick of the chase—"follow up the flee and we have them!"

"See! how they fly!" exclaimed Herbert with an exulting shout, and a movement of the sword. "On, Rangers, on! This for Dennis McDermott!" Over them, Rangers, over them! This for the trumpeter boy!"

"This for Dennis McDermott!" shouted Harry Herbert at each stroke.

"This for the trumpeter boy! This for Dennis McDermott!" re-echoed the Rangers, as they rode over the retreating enemy, and scattered panic and confusion among the British by their appearance, their persistence, their uniform of sable, their short sword which they used with a celerity and expedition that defied all the tactics of European soldiers, and their rifle that uttered its volume of flame every instant, while their jet black horses swept on with the speed of the wind.

Meanwhile far on the American left, to the westward of Chestnut Hill, Greene engaged with the enemy's right, and the militia of Maryland and Jersey attack his rear, at the same time that the Pennsylvania militia of Wayne

a quick aim and fired. Upon the instant his men followed his example! A quick, sharp, straggling volley rattled above the grave of the murdered peasant, and four of his slayers leaped up in their saddles, and fell lifeless; surprised, but daunted nothing, the soldiers fired an answering volley, and charged, sword in hand —but Hackstoun met the foremost—he struck two blows—two only! the first fell on the charger's neck where the spine joins the skull, and hurled him lifeless—the second clave through the casque—the scull —the teeth of the trooper—musket-butt, scythe, and pitch-fork, were plied fiercely, and ere ten minutes, not a man lived of all their foes, save Livingstone. He, when he saw all hope lost,—he had fought foremost 'till he did so—turned his horse at the brook with a fierce shout, leaped it, and galloped over the wild hill. Hackstoun and his stern band rushed after him in wild pursuit. Ten minutes more, and the lone yard was utterly deserted, save by the corpses of his slayers—the slaughter of his murderers finished the obsequies of the poor widow's son.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, November 12.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the SATURDAY CHRONICLE of this city, of Messrs. Matthias & Taylor, and also the UNITED STATES newspaper, published heretofore by Messrs. Swain, Abell & Simmons. The immense subscription lists of the two concerns they purpose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *far surpassing any establishment in the United States. The joint circulation of the periodicals issued by the subscribers will now be over 100,000.* They can therefore now afford to encounter increased expenses for the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other establishment. The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ SUBSCRIBERS *to either of the papers now united, who are indebted, will much oblige us by promptly remitting the amount due, as we wish to bring up the books at once, and take a fair start. We shall issue one of the finest sheets in the Union —but only to subscribers whose promptitude entitles them to the name of* CASH SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

It is a pleasant custom to reserve a corner of one's newspaper for a familiar chat with the reader—as if he sat confronting the editorial "we," armed chair and all, to listen to what that paste and scissors dignitary might have to say for the paper, the public, the news, the nation, the world, the publishers, and last, though not least in *our* dear love—himself! And, "on this occasion" as Parson Williams of Jonesville invariably commenced the exordium of his "appropriate remarks" at a wedding—"on this occasion" himself—that is to say *ourself*—will be expected, perhaps to fill a leading if not a long or an important piece. The "occasion" is in some sort a wedding too—being the consummation of the bans of newspaper marriage, between this paper and its new editor—an announcement which has been so kindly repeated by our brethren of the press, in city and country, that we cannot refrain our expression of heartfelt acknowledgment. That the personal compliments with which the notice has been coupled exceed our pretensions as the Alps a mole-hill, is to the public a passing nothing, forgotten already. But to us, albeit not over covetous of praise, and certainly not of praise undeserved, these proofs of friendship have an import more touching—inasmuch as they are proofs of friendship; evidences of a kind feeling which we cannot too gratefully acknowledge; and which we shall omit no opportunity to reciprocate, publicly as occasion may offer, as heartily as we feel them personally.

To many of the thousands of readers of the Post, our somewhat long connexion with the newspaper press must make us an old acquaintance—and shall we hope it?—an old friend. To new readers we have to address our labor to make them friendly, while we retain the old. But if experience has taught us nothing else, we have learned from it that it is impossible for one man to please all tastes in all things. The one rule of editorial intercourse, the correctness of which all acknowledge is, that one should do or say nothing as an editor, which he could not as a man. This comprehensive maxim includes the whole code which should govern editorial conduct. Of course we shall fall short of our whole duty—who does not? Let the critic try us by his own imperfections—not by the rule, under which men—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By rating those they have no mind to;"

but by permitting the editor the weakness of being occasionally obstinate, ignorant, careless, crabbed, trivial, awkward or impertinent, partial or prejudiced; as the reader will then only be granting another what he takes himself.

Enough of self. Leaving kind friends, dear associations, and a pleasant residence, we have come to another city, whose fame afar off was enticing, and in whose atmosphere we breathe all the promise of a delightful future. In forming an editorial engagement with this paper, we step into a connexion, a better than which editor could not desire. That its reputation may suffer nothing in our hands, we hope—that it may *gain*, we find as little room to desire, as we feel ability to promise. Gentle reader! Let us strive to jog along pleasantly and profitably

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." We commend the Sixth Lecture on the French Revolution, published in the Post of to-day, to the notice of our religious readers. The horrors of Atheism—the brief ascendancy of the Pagan Goddess of Reason—fearful instances of apostacy and impiety, are sketched with graphic power. "Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord." And fearfully was the Jacobin faction visited. Other incidents of deep interest are recorded, and the whole dwelt upon in a proper tone of reflection. We are much pleased with our lecturer's remarks on the immense importance of National Education; and also with his allusions to the moral and intellectual blessings enjoyed in America.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

On Tuesday night, the hall in the Philadelphia Museum, formerly occupied by Mr. Duim, was crowded to its utmost capacity, a full hour before the time announced for the commencement of the exercises, for the benefit of the Second Jefferson Temperance Society. As is usual with temperance meetings the auditory were perfectly quiet in this long interval, and their patience was rewarded by exercises as interesting as ever were held upon this very interesting and important subject.

The meeting was opened by an ode, accompanied with instrumental music, under the direction of Mr. Marsh, a pupil of the Institution for the Blind in this city. A prayer followed, and then an ode by the choir, after which L. C. Levin, Esq., spoke for an hour, in a strain, of which it is sufficient praise to say that his hour seemed fifteen minutes. Rev. John Chambers next demonstrated from the License Law, as laid down in Purdon's Digest, that loose as is our license law, three-fourths of the houses professedly open under it are illegal. While Mr. Chambers was detailing some incidents connected with a license case, which reflect little credit upon the Judges who granted the license, a gentleman in the extreme corner rose, and said he was ready to vouch for the truth of every word of that. At the close of his address, Mr. Chambers proposed to the auditory, the Question "Ought rumselling to be tolerated in the community?" It is needless to say that the decision in the negative was unanimous.

The Rev. Samuel Aaron, of Norristown, made an excellent concluding speech. The drift of his argument was to trace the connexion, as cause and effect, between intemperance, and crime, misery, and pauperism. He said that no man had a right voluntarily to become a pauper, and that he did so, who voluntarily contracted the habit of using intoxicating drinks. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Aaron produced an account current between a young mechanic, who has since died a pauper, leaving a houseless family, and a grocer. It rivalled old Jack Falstaff's one ounce of bread, to an intolerable deal of sack; the staples in it being brandy and whiskey, and the scattering etceteras of small amount, family necessaries. Mr. Aaron related several affecting anecdotes, authentic, and of like tendency,—and the meeting closed, leaving a moral effect upon the audience, which we think can never be eradicated. The whole company present, will, we trust, act as apostles of temperance, and impart to others the good impressions, which they must have imbibed on that night, if they did not carry them into the hall with them.

The Martha Washington Temperance Benevolent Society, will hold a similar meeting at the same place on Monday evening next, which, we trust, will be as fully attended. The good work *must* go on.

WRECK OF THE MERCHANT.

The loss of the steamer "Merchant," on her way from New Orleans to Galveston must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We have received from a friend who was one of her passengers a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"I know not why it was so, but the eve of my departure was one of the most unhappy I have experienced since we parted. Hoosnuala, the Andes, and the mild and changeless atmosphere of the old home of the Montezumas had vainly been visited in search of health, and as I stepped on the deck of the Merchant, the hopelessness of my condition, and my various disappointments of so many kinds rushed upon my mind, like spirit voices warning of approaching sorrow. I am no coward, nor a novice in travel, as you know; but when I said good bye to H——, I could not control the emotion awakened by the presentiment that in turning from the north I did so forever. It was not true, for I am here, you perceive; but the papers have told you how narrowly I escaped destruction.

"It is needless to give a detailed account of our passage. I could not, if I would, describe the last terrible scenes on board the Merchant. You have read Byron's Don Juan? The splendid stanzas descriptive of the wreck, it has seemed to me often since my own experience enabled me to judge, could have been written by only one who had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears, the sights and sounds that make such a drama so terrible. I believe I had more presence of mind than most of those around me. The weakness of my body was compensated by my calmness and resignation. We struck in about ten feet of water, at half past three o'clock, as nearly as I can remember, on the morning of the 4th, near West Tambalin, or Lust Island. I clung to a plank; I remembered everything until then; and indeed, until at a later hour, when floating around, my arms were knit firmly to it, and I could not, if I would, have unlocked my embrace. The wind—the commencement of the gale which caused so much damage to the shipping in the Gulf—was blowing heavily from E. N. E., and I was drifted to the shore. What need of lengthening the account? I am back again to New Orleans—feebler than when I left, but less so than such vicissitudes might have made me. There is but one change that would be observed by you—my hair is nearly gone, and what remains is of an iron gray that gives me the appearance of an old man! Of course, my trunks, my books, my clothes, the treasured letters of all my old friends, the keepsakes of every kind that recalled so pleasantly home, and the dearest associations—are all gone. But why think of these things? Is not life more valuable than they?"

NEW YORK ELECTION.

In New York, of the thirteen members of the Assembly, the Whigs have two, owing to division in the Democratic ranks. Fish is elected to Congress over Mr. Kemm by about 100 majority, making two members of Congress gain to the Whigs. Mr. Bouck's majority in the State, it is supposed, will be between 5000 and 10,000.

In the city of Albany, the Whig majority is 500 —last fall the Democrats carried the city by 286 majority.

Westchester County.—16 towns in Westchester give 886 majority for Bouck.

King's County.—Official majority for Bouck 385.

Rockland County is reported to have given Bouck 550 majority.

Orange County gives a Democratic majority of 660.

Queen's County gives a Democratic majority of 450.

Albany County reported 400 Whig majority.

Richmond County has given a majority of 150 for Bouck. Other Democratic candidates all elected by 150 majority.

In Westchester County, but eleven towns are heard from, which gave the Democratic candidate for Governor 860 majority.

Columbia County.—Greenport, 25 majority for Bouck; Hudson, 5 do., Kinderhook, 100 do., Stuyvesant, 169 do.

Duchess County.—Hyde Park, 24 Whig majority; Redhook, 61 Democratic majority.

Greene County.—Athens, 31 Whig majority; Coxsackie, 25 do.; Catskill, 44 do.; New Baltimore, 65 Democratic majority.

Richmond County, Official.—Southfield, 55 majority for Bouck. Castleton, 119 do., Westfield, 33 do., Northfield, 14 majority for Bradish.

From the news so far as received, there can be very little doubt indeed, that the Democratic or opposition party have it their own way throughout the State.

THE POOR IN ENGLAND.—The condition of the poor must be awful indeed, when the *London Times* makes such admissions as the following: "The intense misery in this country during the past year, stands out unchallenged and undeniable. There was a time when one class of politicians denied that there was any distress, but now, the skeletons of a million of witnesses would shame them ere the ink dried on their paper. Sir James Graham told the members of the House of Commons, before they separated, that 1,200,000 of the population of England were recip-

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Notices of New Works.

The complete Poetical Works of William Cowper, Esq.—*With a Memoir of the Author, by H. Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia. Geo. S. Appleton.* This is a beautiful volume of over four hundred pages, printed in small octavo form, with double columns, and type, on fine paper. The margin of the page is unusually wide, and the whole work is very handsomely bound with a frontispiece, and tastefully bound in muslin. We have spoken thus particularly of the printing of this work, because we have not room to devote retrospective criticism upon the work itself—but the reader needs no information from us, as to the character of the author of "The Task." We will only be permitted to hope that the attractive and cheap form in which this volume is produced, may tend to its wide and popular circulation. We observe it stated that in its publication the Messrs. Appletons have jumped with the spirit of the times. The dateline school of poetry, which Byron and his compeers introduced has been imitated out of date.

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman" and it requires more than ordinary ability to write a book to make poetry of his school attractive. Two tailed debauchery of thought Augusts even those with whom taste if anything will be found wanting, and we have before remarked, written Byron out of favor. And, on the other hand, simple pastimes, the Lucas-Watts odds refuse to be dignified by the honour. At the same time in Cowper extremely acceptable. It is by no mere brilliant, he is never of doubtful moral tone; if he sometimes sinks to the level of the commonplace, he strongly demonstrated wealth, he redeems all that deception by his rare command of pure kindness and humanity; and if there is scarcely from a great poet, we find blood with quickened pulse to catch the sense. It elevates the heart, and engenders kindly and Christian emotions.

So much for the book. And here it may not be amiss to set our word introducing Mr. Geo. S. Appleton, to the readers of the book. He is a young man Classical street, formerly occupied by Austen, and with the publications of other houses, will have extensively on hand like a quality of work to that produced. New York firm, of which he was formerly a member. His circular will be found in another column, and persons who call upon him will find him obliging and attentive.

Work and Words—*By Mary Howitt. New York. D. Appleton.*—This work is a continuation of "Love Conquers All," published a few weeks since by the Messrs. Appleton. The present volume contains their next series of "Tales for the People and their Children." Of Mary Howitt, as a story writer, too much cannot be said in her praise. She has a rare and unusual lamp in the structure of her plots, but her characters are so simple, her views of nature so truthful, and her whole tone so healthful, that the whole is managed in a way so amusing, that her juvenile works are calculated to do much good.

Literary Intelligence.

As an Manuscript.—Professor Hoffman has made an important discovery among the Manuscripts of the public library at Cambridge, England. He has found the famous composed about the year 850 in an Anglo-Saxon language, in imitation of the various of Lucan over the Pharsalia. The manuscript is that which Mabillon copied from a manuscript belonging to the abbey of St. Amand, but which has been mostly in vain, ever since. It is said to be of great importance to the history of literature. Professor Hoffman means to publish in Belgium the original text of the poem, with a facsimile of the manuscript.

Books by the Mile.—To give some idea of the amount of books being published in this country, Mr. Maxwell, it has, as a point of useful information, or perhaps, also as a matter of curiosity, been ascertained that the number of books published in the year 1850,000 volumes, one 12,000 feet, or eight miles long. The length of the shelves at Harvard, containing 100,000 volumes, is 2,000 feet, or nearly two miles. 15 miles and twodifths. The King's library in Paris of 850,000 volumes, would, in the same manner, require 85 miles and twodifths. The King's library in Paris of 850,000 volumes, would, in the same manner, require 85 miles and twodifths. The King's library in Paris of 850,000 volumes, would, in the same manner, require 85 miles and twodifths.

Russian in Yucatan.—The work by Mr. Norman, of New Orleans on the ruins of central American, will be published in the Harper's Monthly Library, of New York. It will doubtless be one of the most interesting books of travel ever written in this country. Mr. Norman's descriptions of the ruins of the ancient grandeur in the Mexican province are longer than any other travellers, and his habit and character admirably fitted him for scrupulous investigations.

☞ A Metrical translation of Pope's works is now strange to say, for the first time presented to the American public. It is being done in the city of Mobile by Berliger and Theodore Oelbrecy, the former the successful translator of Byron, the latter of Moore.

☞ Professor Longfellow has made his last address in the Boston Bulletin. He will walk onto the architecture of the Boston public.

☞ Mason Mitchell, Esq., is to lecture before the Mechanics Institute of Lancaster, on the evening of the 14th inst.

Religious Intelligence.

The American Tract Society.—A quarterly meeting of this society, held at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, lasted three days, and the exercises were of a highly interesting character. The annual papers read was one by Dr. Williams, of the Amity Street Baptist Church, which it is said, would do honor to any quarterly meeting of any society. Another by Dr. Milnor, of the Episcopal Church, presented a document on the Harmony of the Society's proceedings during the December year. A Report of the unacceptable, save the Journal of Commerce, for its entering sentiments long and happily exemplified in the connection with the Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies of the Society, delivered a most happy address on the subject of "A higher standard of Christian consecration." Other addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cook, and Mr. Hallock, presented valuable papers on the "Power of the Press," and the "Relations of the Society to Foreign Lands." An address on the Sabbath was preached by the Rev. Mr. Romeyn, of Charleston. The importance of the American Tract Society cannot be estimated. It is the instrument, that if not circulated during the 15 years of its existence, 75 thousand million tracts, besides 50 million tracts issued from its depository, and added to nearly 1,000 publications printed at the Society's expense, in foreign lands.

Lectureship in Boston.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the erection of two houses of worship for Universalists of the Boston persuasion has been commenced in that city. We believe that these two are the first places of worship erected by the Universalists in New England.

☞ Twelve hundred dollars were collected in the First Presbyterian church, New York, on Thursday evening week, in aid of the Bible cause.

☞ The Governor of South Carolina has designated the second Thursday of the month, as a day for Thanksgiving throughout the State.

☞ A new Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated in Cooperstown, Westchester county, Penn. on the 26th ult.

How to Stay it.—Bleeding at the nose is sometimes troublesome and often dangerous. A remedy has been discovered in Paris, which is perfectly safe and certain. It is embodied in a communication, in the *Moniteur*-hygiene, lately read to the Academy of Science of Paris. The author, M. Negrier, recommends that bleeding from the nose may be almost instantaneously checked by raising the arm on the same side so that of the mental from which the blood flows.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE WESTERN.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Great Western Steamship arrived at New York, on Sunday Evening, bringing Bristol, London and Liverpool dates to the day of her sailing, October 23d. Her commercial news is not of much importance, but the general news *four* days later than by Arcadia will please readers of their letters with their friends.

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The Great Western Steamship arrived at New York, on Sunday Evening, bringing Bristol, London and Liverpool dates to the day of her sailing, October 23d. Her commercial news is not of much importance, but the general news *four* days later than by Arcadia will please readers of their letters with their friends.

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The Great Western

Gems from the Poets.

THE BIBLE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That ever in monarch's coffers shone—
Than all their diadems.

No mine the sons can overdraw,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the sport of night,
This book more worth them all.

How bright'ly rainbow's eye
His blood-strung spells soon greet,
When dimly o'erhead hand o'night
His life a varnished dream!
Then hear him with his partying breath
For one poor moment cry!
Fool! wouldst thou sell for the sum of death?
Ask of thy gold to vow.

No, no! the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Come dwell me the pure of grief
Gold cannot purchase health;
Nor have a blessed balm appeared,
To heal the deepest wou,
And let the seeks this book in tears,
He sure shall cease to flow.

Here, he who died on Calvary's tree,
Hath made this promise free:
Ye heavy laden come to me,
And I will give ye rest.
I mourned and I will not break,
A contrite heart despise;
My burden light, and all who take
My yoke, shall wear the skies.

Yes, yes, this little book is wort.
All else to mortals given—
Are what are all the sands of earth
Compared to joys of Heaven?
This a the guide no ill can err,
This leads to realms of light—
A star that gilds the grave—
The Light—the Life—the Way.

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE VI.

PART I.

Reign of Terror—State of Paris and France—Last of the Suspects—The National Razor—A Travelling Guillotine—Grimale Leaders excite a Revolt—Their fate—Death of Robespierre and Others—Burial of the Duke of Orleans—Decay of the Christian Religion, Church, Altars, Apostate Clergy—History of Mercy, &c.—Infidel Philosophy—Festival and Goddess of Reason—Pagan Idolatry—Death, an everlasting sleep—Christian Sky Alluded, and a New Confession—Jo Atée's Blasphemy—Reflections—Importance of National Education—The Christian despoiled of his blessed consolations by Atheism.

And now the sword, or rather the guillotine, called by the lowest of the Jacobin followers in their cruel and brutal wit, the "National Razor," rested until the Glory was dead. The people seemed dazed to speak, or write opinions differing from those of the tyrants of the Mountain, were but doomed the next day. The citizens "law of the suspected" almost reached the very thoughts, and procured the final and fatal sentence of the most worthy persons in the Republic. Health public were ——The whole country seemed one vast conflagration of revolt and vengeance. The shrieks of death were blended with the wail of the accused, and the laughter of Buffoons." Whole families were led to the scaffold for no other crime than their relationship, or for shedding over the dear ashes of their brothers: wives for lamenting their husbands: innocent peasant-girls for dancing with the Prussian soldiers: and a mocking a child for merely saying as a group were being conducted to slaughter—" here is much blood about and a trifling cause." Her sex spared in the fury of the Revolutionist, when she received the fatal stroke! *Thiers*, the Prime Minister, remarks :—"Thus, in that frightful delirium which had retarded genius, and wrote and courage suspected, all that was most noble and most generous in France, was spreading either by suicide, or by the blade of the executioner. Nothing was beautiful and more smiling France in the Reign of Terror. Jacobin leaders were sent with commissions to punish and slay, to different parts of the Republic—Jacobin Clubs were organized in nearly all the large towns, and these excited the populace to massacre ; while to crown the whole, a decree had been passed on the 5th of September, 1793, enacting that "A revolutionary army shall travel over the Departments, with artillery and a guillotine !"

And what became of the rest of the Gironde leaders? Almost forty-one perished by the guillotine, by suicide or confusion in their wanderings as exiles or fugitives. Twenty-four survived, and after many days, were recalled to the Convention, when the Mountain tyrants were no more—and the Reign of Terror was ended. Several of them rejoined to the southern and eastern departments, where the people were revolting against the Jacobins, an event favorable of a Republic such as that of the United States—it shows in favor of the time to rather, as it was called, a republican modernity, with no union treaty, as settled by the Constitution in 1791. Lemot, Kersalle Barbaroux, Pethion and others, found a body of Revolists in Bretagne, under General Wimpfen, whose army was defeated and chiefly put to the sword at Vernon, and shortly disposed. Wimpfen, even to the Girondists themselves, were then shot against these leaders. Lemot alone escaped. Guadet, Salles and Barbaroux were taken as the ringlead of the Federalist and Pethion committed suicide, and were found dead in a cornfield. Condorcet, who had stood to imprison the King instead of executing him, was arrested, and possessed himself. Roland de St. Etienne removed the promise of a friend to conceal and protect him. The fiend betrayed him—and he was guillotined !

And what became of Roland, the Minister, the learned and philosopher—the husband of Madame Roland ! That distinguished woman had prophesied that he would not long survive her. On hearing of his wife's execution, he went into a crowded tour Room, fell on his own sword, and his corpse was found at the foot of a tree. A fitting termination of his wife and of political power—were strong to death. In his pocket was found an able and eloquent vindication of his policy and conduct as Prime Minister!

And what became of that ornament of France, the feted astronomer, mathematician, Malmsgrad and the Mayor of Paris in 1789 and 90—Jean Silvain Bailly! The Jacobins dragged him from his retreat at Melun, where he was living to life to illustrate science, science and he was, after being feted, beaten and stoned by a ruffian mob, guillotined. November 12, 1793—retaining heroism, courage was the *first* day of the year 2 !

Alas ! for the unhappy Governor. In their fall, an extraordinary spectacle was presented to the world, of one part of a Parliament, being Executive of many the "Convention"—infernally murdering another part, because the two happened to differ in opinion. Where then are freedom of speech, liberty of action? The opposition of the minority was punished by death.

But what became of the Duke of Orleans—Philippe Egalite—on his guillotine memorate, sanctioned by the Mountain tyrants ! He was executed November 6th, to Jacobin Paris. *Thiers* says :—"Silence in the cardrama, suspected by the Jacobins, he inspired none of those sympathetic which afford some consolation for an unjust death. He felt not that conviction which gives support at a critical moment; and of all the victims, those of the most pusillanimous character had to be guided. A universal disgust, an absolute scepticism, were his last sentiments." He was detained in front of the palace on the way to execution, for a quarter of an hour, by order of Robespierre, who, according to Alison, had asked his daughter in marriage, and pronounced his former sentence of exile to remain, to excite a tumult which should save his life. Robespierre, the philosopher *sans-culotte* wishing to marry a wife of a royal race—what a fine dream ! The Duke had lately escaped with his life, to his silence—*to err*. Condemned to exile or camp, died with him. He had his face with *rouge* and powder, and when he bade fell—the applause of the spectators made the welkin ring. *Barbaroux* jeer of the populace ? Tragic end of all the revolutionary eighteen—sadly and mournfully *Pethion* of Philippe, entombed : Lasalle"—the rash, royal and plotting Duke of Orleans ! Change was the cause ! Such curtains rose, and let the world see another act on this tragic theatre. Let us behold the reflection encouraged by those bloodiest outcomes of the Revolution. Its infernal French Monster, says : "Even through the agency of man's uncontrollable passions there lies a law of order, and let us see what hopes and consolations of immortality were prepared both for sleepers and victims. But remember, the worship I show was not that of the people of France. No. But the worship of a faction which had chosen of all excesses of immolary and vulgar. The people were the victims of this faction, and herded for a time beneath their strange and sanguinary rule. Among the French—nay, I may say I hope, the majority were yet religious in a Christian sense,—but they prayed and suffered in silence. To the religious sentiment—to be *philosophic* only had been popular, even with the most moderate politicians. An eccentric epoch of infidelity, yclept Anarchic Cheats, had long preached them—! schedule my soul against the protection of strangers of earth and heaven. There is no other God but Nature, no other sovereign but the human race, the People-God. The people is sufficient for itself. It will not receive from Heaven what it has not before herself." Lacretelle informs us that "Paine, Hobert, and Chaumette, the leaders of the Municipality, publicly expressed their determination to dethrone the King of Heaven, as well as the kings of the earth." Gobel, the Bishop of Paris, appointed under the Constitution, preached an anarchy all his views and clergy, to go with him in procession to the Convention, where he and they resigned their offices. He declared himself of his presidents, while the signatio of religion and the hitherto deemed sacred vestments used in worship, were deposited before that body for the use of the public. All renounced their clerical offices. This Bishop Gobel did at the age of seventy. And what was his fate ? Why, he became one of the first who sacrificed to the Goddess of Reason—and he was guillotined by the Jacobins themselves, whom, to use their own phrase, they could not bend to their will. "there is a Supreme Being." He was guillotined too, on the CHARGE OF ATHEISM ! Fit change—fit punishment ! Such was the fate of Jacobin Atheists. After Gobel had abjured, Gregoire, Bishop of Blois (honored on this occasion, by his name!) assured the Hall of the Convention that "the Catholic religion, whose purity he vested for the King's death, no wrought upon was he, by the spirit of the times—yet he had abjured—that he did not believe, implied by what he then deemed a conscientious duty. Like Carnot, he did it "with a heavy heart." Well—had for his fate—his trial and execution ! Gregoire, I presume, you imagine, of course. No. His Master saw his bold vindication and protected him. Gregoire lived honored and respected chiefly in other lands, only in Paris, where some of the Commoners acknowledged no worship but that of "Truth and Reason." Gregoire was to him "the friend of Liberty and Equality." The costume and vessels of the Church were given up in procession to the civil authorities, and the Assembly of Paris stood several churches and their resource—inaugurating the busts of Legislator, Marat, and other Jacobin leaders on a pedestal that in the fourth of St. Sulpice. So in several other parts of France. They ridiculed in mock processions, wasting surplices of vestments, their old religious ceremonies and Hallelujahs, and dancing

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From the Magazines

FROM THE ATLANTIC TOURIST.

COMPOSED AT THE "CRESCENT HOTEL, CONSTANZA

BY PARA IGNIAMIN.

Hark with fond joys the turtle's note,
On the fair bosom of the rose,
How quick it flutters, how it floats,
Where Adonis's crimson tissues are shed
The sweet Anemone,
No sad fancied regret wears
Its fair bosom of purple and white,
In their snow garments vests meets her
Lord, Mete—ring, Lord,
Around us in the dewmore low!
Bright Cynthia, the Queen of the night,
The mixed and the Western skies
Where the sun sets in his golden car,
The star strings on yonder shore,
Here sings the nightingale,
You stations she is heading near!
Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, Hymen!
The happiest state measure of mirth!
How may those hearts, that are free,
Sure when some casual glance is cast
Or some fair object meets the eye,
And passing strangers bend to trust,
Or when some other heart is wounded,
Whose name adorns mine engraved it on.

Ah! Love, Love, Love, Love!
Thou art the sweetest joy of life,
Thou art the greatest curse of life,
Thou art the Revolutionist,
Thou art the Conservative,
Thou art the Reformer,
Thou art the Destroyer,
Thou art the Regenerator,
Thou art the Preserver,
Thou art the Saviour,
Thou art the Redeemer,
Thou art the Friend,
Thou art the Lover,
Thou art the Husband,
Thou art the Father,
Thou art the Son,
Thou art the Brother,
Thou art the Sister,
Thou art the Mother,
Thou art the Daughter,
Thou art the Wife,
Thou art the Widow,
Thou art the Orphan,
Thou art the Bachelor,
Thou art the Spinster,
Thou art the Old Maid,
Thou art the Old Bachelor,
Thou art the Young Man,
Thou art the Young Woman,
Thou art the Old Man,
Thou art the Old Woman,
Thou art the Child,
Thou art the Infant,
Thou art the Baby,
Thou art the Boy,
Thou art the Girl,
Thou art the Man,
Thou art the Woman,
Thou art the Human Being,
Thou art the Animal,
Thou art the Vegetable,
Thou art the Mineral,
Thou art the Fossil,
Thou art the Petrified,
Thou art the Dead,
Thou art the Living,
Thou art the Immortal,
Thou art the Eternal,
Thou art the Infinite,
Thou art the Universal,
Thou art the Omnipotent,
Thou art the Omniscient,
Thou art the Omnipresent,
Thou art the Trinity,
Thou art the Unity,
Thou art the Alpha,
Thou art the Omega,
Thou art the Beginning,
Thou art the End,
Thou art the Resurrection,
Thou art the Life,
Thou art the Death,
Thou art the Grave,
Thou art the Heaven,
Thou art the Hell,
Thou art the Devil,
Thou art the Angel,
Thou art the Seraph,
Thou art the Cherub,
Thou art the Throne,
Thou art the Dominion,
Thou art the Principality,
Thou art the Power,
Thou art the Virtue,
Thou art the Archangel,
Thou art the Trumpet,
Thou art the Resurrection,
Thou art the Judgment,
Thou art the Book of Life,
Thou art the Lake of Fire,
Thou art the Second Death,
Thou art the Tree of Life,
Thou art the Water of Life,
Thou art the Bread of Life,
Thou art the Wine of Life,
Thou art the Milk of Life,
Thou art the Honey of Life,
Thou art the Manna of Life,
Thou art the Corn of Life,
Thou art the Wheat of Life,
Thou art the Barley of Life,
Thou art the Rye of Life,
Thou art the Oats of Life,
Thou art the Rice of Life,
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Thou art the Meadow Fescue of Life,
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FROM THE BOSTON MISCELLANY FOR SEPTEMBER.

NAHWISTA;

A Story of the Colonies.

BY CHARLES F. POWELL, AUTHOR OF ZEZULIA OF MADRID; KIT THE ORPHAN &c.

About one centuries ago, when New England consisted of the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and Rhode Island, requesting his aid in introducing it into the use of that State. The governor, who was favorable to the request, sent for the latter, and replied that he could formerly have been pleased to grant his desire in behalf of Liberty and Equality." The costume and vessels of the Church were given up in procession to the civil authorities, and the Assembly of Paris stood several churches and their resource—inaugurating the busts of Legislator, Marat, and other Jacobin leaders on a pedestal that in the fourth of St. Sulpice. So in several other parts of France. They ridiculed in mock processions, wasting surplices of vestments, their old religious ceremonies and Hallelujahs, and dancing

"Dances to Carmagnole—
Dances to Carmagnole."

At the requisition of Chaumette, it was resolved that the Metropolitan Church of Notre Dame, should be changed from a Christian place of worship this the—"Temple of Reason." Thus, "a pagan edifice was built in the pride of their hearts, that they should live for ever. To use the words of the Royal Psalmist :—"The heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy holy temple have they defiled." And to use the language of the Sacred Book to a perverse and sinful nation of old—Shall I not visit for these and these things? and the Lord." How short-sighted is man, when puffed up with vanity—how impious, how blasphemous to defy the living God ! Such a scene occurred in Notre Dame, on the 10th of April following. Chaumette was gesticulated by his "dear friends" of the Jacobin Revolutionary Tribunal, Robert, the publisher, and Momoro, who presided him, for he died the usual death on the 24th of March ; and most of the leaders in these impious ceremonies were of the same fate, but they adopted him—knew how to assume the promoters of the new order of things, aspired to Religion, to a hole trust, a piece faith in an Almighty Being—the only guide to happiness, whether private or public. Who among these apostles of contempt ever thought to invoke the favor of an omnipresent and omnipotent God, to direct their judgment ? Who among them ever prayed that their hearts, and the hearts of the people, may be turned to wisdom, prudence and mercy ? Not one. The spirit of the Reign of Terror seemed God-abandoned—and behold ! they were more like fools than wise men. Their madness was to be seen in their measures of Nature—of Reason—supplied the Jacobins with idols, before which pagan speeches, hymns and processions were offered. Even the names of the days of the week were changed, and generally, as to detail, done, but must do well himself. Humanity finds its Republic, and its worship in piece, but in foolish excess.

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What is the truest word we ever uttered, said a good lady to her little daughter. The child scholastically answered, "God."

To slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

The Humorist.

At the time the late Chief Justice Swift, of Connecticut was publishing the Digest, he wrote to a gentleman of considerable eminence in Rhode Island, requesting his aid in introducing it into the use of that State. The gentleman, who was favorable to the request, sent for the latter, and replied that he could formerly have been pleased to grant his desire in behalf of Liberty and Equality." The costume and vessels of the Church were given up in procession to the civil authorities, and the Assembly of Paris stood several churches and their resource—inaugurating the busts of Legislator, Marat, and other Jacobin leaders on a pedestal that in the fourth of St. Sulpice. So in several other parts of France. They ridiculed in mock processions, wasting surplices of vestments, their old religious ceremonies and Hallelujahs, and dancing

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Selected Articles.

THE ALP HUNTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

—With thou me, thy hardships bending,
And associate me there?
Watch thou me, my hardships bending,
Or beside the brooklet play?
Mother, mother, no!
Over the mouse to chase the roe
With the hounds to climb the steep
Will the boys with lively horn?—
Up! up! the chamois flies!
Through the echoing forest borne!
Mother, mother, no!
Over the wilds to chase the roe!
Will the maid over there
In their sweet beds tend the flowers
Rejoice to see a guest?
Where the savage mountain hovers?
Leave the flowers alone!
Mother, mother, let me go!

Seems the hunter in the chase,
Ah, and even in the dream,
To the mountain's sublime space—
Tribes, tribes, tribes!
Flies before the trembling hind.

Right and higher, ever higher,
On the lone crag quivering
Through the glacier's dazzling ice
Leaps she with her nervous limbs!
Mother, mother, let me go!

Now she hangs above the land,
Where the cloud-mass rolls and lours,
Now she dare almighty wish
Never perfect wish to see!
Chasms below—the death behind!

Tarries she with her look of woe,
Mother, mother, let me go!
Meets the look—and bends the bow.
Sudden—with a thundering
Down the Rupture of the Stone!

Speaketh he to his dog, and says:
Tell the Heaven Beast of yore!
Tell the Heaven Beast of yore!
Reach me sulphury water!
Bring me sulphury water before that fall!
Tarries long upon the Earth for all!

FIRST LOVE.

—And so to-morrow is thy bridal day, my love, and art thou sure the one to whom fate betrothed has been wedded to thy heart?

—I never knew what true to love till I saw him, love.

—I know it, Cora, and now, if thou wilt listen, I'll relate to thee the story of my early love.

—Oh, do! dear mother, for what I so long have wished to hear, yet feared to ask, for the recital of sorrow.

—Then I will not put off the task, but tell it now, while memories, whose riches comforts might have been, and the many that now envy my happiness, are buried in the grave, and the sweet flowers of love have long been dead.

—Mother, mother, you make me tremble, for I fear the pain and priceless love of my precious heart. I am sure that I love, but oh! tell me not that I am like unto mortals